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TRUE PATRIOTISM.

A SERMON

Preached before St. Andrew's Society,
Ottawa, Ont., on December 2nd, 1895,

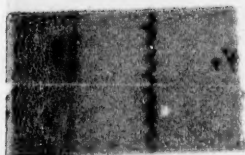
BY THE CHAPLAIN,

Rev. Wm. McIntosh.

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TRUE PATRIOTISM.

**A Sermon Preached before St. Andrew's
Society, Ottawa, Ont., on December 2nd, 1895,
by the Chaplain, REV. WM. McINTOSH. . . .**

**"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.
If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my
mouth: if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."—PSA. 137. 5-6.**

The Jew is a character unique in history. So long as he remains the Bible cannot be said to be without a proof of its authenticity. He is a witness to-day to the truth of those ancient records. No other race has suffered as the Jewish race. Babylonian captivity, Grecian oppression, Roman slavery, Russian brutality! Surely the dire imprecation has been fulfilled, "His blood be on us and on our children." Yet the Jew survives. No power on earth can blot him out of existence. His love for home and country is a passion. He loves money, faces all danger for its sake, goes into exile to obtain it, but never forgets his home. Whatever the virtues or the sins of the Jew may be, his love for home and country entitles him to respect wherever he is.

The words of the text were probably written on the return from the Chaldean captivity; and by one whose heart was stirred at sight of the desolation wrought. He calls to mind the days of sadness spent beside the rivers of Babylon, where the oppressors required songs from their captives, songs that could not be sung in a foreign land. Now that the old home was reached, even in all its desolation and ruin, it was inexpressibly dear: "If I forget thee, O, Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning."

There are features of resemblance between the people who inhabit the heather hills of Scotland and the rocky fastnesses of Judea. Love of money, and the power to make and keep it, are qualities you find in both. But love of country is the one predominant principle that commands for them the respect and admiration of all time. Love of country is none

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the less real, although it may be local in its aspects. Some parts of our country must mean more to us than others. We love all men none the less because we love some the more. While we rejoice in being citizens of Great—even Greater—Britain, that mighty empire including one-fifth the population of the globe, and guarded by an army whose reveille heralds the morning of hope to the world, and love none the less the sons of Merry England, who sing of her happy homes and sacred firesides, as well as Erin's strong men and beautiful women, than whom none are fairer or worthier of love, we claim the right to keep a warmer place in our hearts for the

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood."

The patriotism of the Jew was largely religious. Jerusalem was not only the centre of his country, it was the centre of his religion. It is religion that hallows and dignifies patriotism as well as every sentiment of the soul. Hence his patriotism was not only intense, it was pure and dignified. So it is with us. It is not so much the hillside heather-clad, the swift-flowing rivers, the lochs mirrored in beauty, lying like gems ~~wild~~ her rugged hills, that make Old Scotland so dear to us, it is the religion of her firesides, the Gospel of her churches. Scotland is the land of the Sabbath, the land of the Bible and Bible study. That is the reason you find so few of her sons unable to read the sacred page. No thirty-three per cent. of her population tabulated as "unable to read and write."

A FREE COUNTRY.

Not less fortunate are we in this new land to which some of us have come, in which others of us were born. We have a heritage in this country of which we may well be proud and which we should guard with jealous care; the freest country under the sun, with resources of which only succeeding generations shall learn the extent. Here we have civil and religious liberty such as our fathers hardly dared to dream of as possible; and Scotchmen have done much to make it what it is. In the struggle for constitutional government, our countrymen have held no secondary place. When honest dealing and faithful administration were enjoyed it was from the hands of a Scotchman we received it; and if resort was had to trickery and sharp practice, "Well, it was hard to get

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ahead of the Old Man, you know." Indeed, we have hardly known where we are since the reins fell from the hands of the farseeing Scottish statesmen, and it is not to be wondered at if in the midst of continued uncertainty we sometimes sigh :

"For the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still."

NEED OF MEN.

Never in the history of our country was there greater need of men of intelligence, men of principle, men of the Bible. New dangers arise that demand new energy and new methods. Vexed questions are facing us that will not down. Questions of trade and commerce that threaten seriously the financial condition of the Dominion; questions of interprovincial rights that may severely test the strength of our Confederation; questions of labor and capital that may shake to their centre the very foundations of our social life; questions of morals, of religion, of man's responsibility for man and accountability to God. The right answer given to these questions will lift us up to Heaven, but the sinful neglect of them will thrust us down to hell. Our fellow citizens **need to be** taught that "it is righteousness that exalteth a nation, but **sin is a** reproach to any people."

CHURCH AND STATE.

The relationships of Church and State must be clearly defined. It is the business of the state to protect the church in the observance of any form of belief or worship that is not contrary to good morals, and to provide for the protection of youth from all forms of temptation that can be prevented. Laws for the observance of the Sabbath, in so far as it is a day of rest from manual labor, are well within its province. It is also the duty of the state to remove that gigantic evil before which so many in our land fall—and so many, of them Scotchmen—the traffic in strong drink. These are questions with which the State can properly deal, and must deal to save our land from ruin. But the state must not interfere in matters purely ecclesiastical. The fact that the civil power can be invoked to collect tithes for the maintenance of ecclesiastical establishments is evidence that we have not yet fully escaped from the relics of medieval barbarism.

On the other hand the church must not intrude upon the rights of

the state, nor attempt to force her peculiar tenets upon civil recognition. I can imagine a religious state—a pure theocracy—as ideally possible, but not in the present condition of society. Religion must be content to follow her own path and do her own work, and never attempt to seize the reins of political government. It is the business of the state to see that every child receives such education as will fit it to fill some useful position in society; but it is not her business to instruct in matters of religion. She has purely a secular function to perform, and ought not to be asked for more. Hence it is not for the state to teach the Bible in the schools as a book of devotions, but simply as one of history. I am sorry that the great ecclesiastical bodies of this country have not recognized this truth. But the history of "Church Courts" is not such as to call for implicit faith in the wisdom of their deliverances.

MANITOBA SCHOOLS.

Surely this must be the solution of the Manitoba school question. That question will be settled. There is a population in that young province that will do the right, and there are too many Scotchmen there to be bullied into submission. I believe they will come to any fair meeting ground, but they will not give up principle to a claim about whose evidence hangs the ugly look of forgery.

"GODLESS SCHOOLS."

There is no ground for the charge that purely secular schools are "Godless schools." There is a time and place for every lawful work under the sun. If I send my son to the Art school to learn drawing, or to a factory to learn how to make sashes and doors; if I send my daughter to attend the College of Music to study that art, or to a millinery establishment to learn the mystery of trimming hats and bonnets; because the exercises or business of each day is not begun by the reading of a portion of Scripture and prayer, I have no right to call these establishments "Godless." That epithet would not only be unjust, it would be silly. So I send my children to the public school to study reading, writing and grammar, but not to be taught religion; and the charge of "Godlessness" against such schools is as insincere as it is absurd. It is a mere fetish, a superstition to suppose that it is dangerous to our children or dishonoring to the Almighty to have the routine of our public schools begun and finished without religious exercises. With all regard for the many ex-

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cellent Christian men and women who follow the profession of teaching, it is nevertheless a fact that a large number so engaged know very little of the contents of the Bible, and understand far less of its spirit. To require such persons to open their schools with religious exercises is a wretched mockery, and tends to degrade Christianity in the minds of the scholars. I have known of more than one pupil turned against the Bible by that very thing. Let the home—that is the first place—the Sunday school, the Christian Endeavor Society, and the Church instruct in matters of our holy religion. If these means fail, then, alas! for our country! A few verses of the Bible read in the public schools will not save us or our children from the fate of "the nations that know not God."

Keep the church and state apart. Let the state be maintained by just and equal taxation, and the church by the free and loving contributions of those within her pale. Then, and not till then, will men of different religious opinions live together in harmony. It is only with men of deep religious convictions that such principles can abide, and I claim that character for my fellow-countrymen. Scotchmen are made of the stuff of which martyrs are made; None are readier to suffer for conscience sake than they. The history of Scotland is a page of wonders. I need not remind you of the days when the wooded glen was the cathedral, while sentinels watched the approach of the bloody Claverhouse. When fealty to truth cost men not only their life, but home and loved ones dearer far than life. Nor were they hindered by the dependent ones at home. Women, aye, and feeble children, cheered husbands and fathers on to deeds of daring and endurance which are the cherished heritage of succeeding generations. This fidelity to conscience is seen not only in the face of a common foe, where the enthusiasm of battle would tend to nerve a failing courage, but in more prosaic, and hence more trying circumstances, it is seen in the disruption period of the Scottish Church. When in 1843 the Established Church failed to give the people what they needed, 474 ministers and professors walked out, leaving behind them half a million dollars in stipend and all their houses of worship; walked out to poverty, and, in many cases, to severe suffering. The rights and wrongs of that movement, the wisdom or unwisdom of the Establishment and the Free Church are not questions for consideration on this occasion; on them I offer no opinion. But that movement, I affirm, forms one of the most heroic of pictures in all church history; and I question whether it was possible outside the borders of stern Old Scotland.

Scotland is not only the land of intense religious convictions, it is the land of mature and intelligent thought. The Scotchman is nothing if not a theologian. The most difficult questions of dogma are, even to those in humble life, simple and familiar. The artisan or shepherd can demonstrate to a nicety the subtle reasoning of Calvin, and point out with unerring accuracy the fallacies of Armenianism. And whether or not we agree with his conclusions, we cannot fail to recognize his intelligent acquaintance with God's Word.

While the majority of Scotchmen accept the Presbyterian form of church government, they by no means submit to be gathered into one fold. A knowledge of the divisions in Scottish Presbyterianism implies acquaintance with an important chapter in church history. This must of necessity be so. Independence of thought must involve diversity of conclusion. Among free, thoughtful men complete uniformity is impossible. You may find uniformity in the valley of the St. Lawrence, but you will hardly call it the outcome of independent thought; yet even there its dull, dead sway is weakening. On the great questions of life and destiny every man must think for himself, must plod along the weary way alone, must come into personal contact with the Almighty without the mediation of priest or presbyter. Only thus can man fully realize his accountability; only thus can the spiritual within him be made strong.

But while there is diversity of form, there is substantial unity regarding the eternal verities of our holy religion. Man's utter helplessness through sin; his need of a Saviour from sin; the fulness of the Atonement for man's guilt, offered "once for all," providing a salvation that reaches to the uttermost; the infallibility of Holy Scriptures as a guide leading us up to the knowledge of God; these are the truths that not only claim our attention, but demand our heartiest acceptance. In our theories we may differ widely; theories of the advent of sin into the world, of the nature of the Atonement, of the final disposition of the wicked, at the "restitution of all things"; but differences here do not do away with the awful fact that sin is in the world and that there is but one way of escape from its terrible consequences.

To the man who has had a vision of eternal things, who has stood in the cleft of the rock and seen the Glory pass by, or has had a glimpse of the hell of separation from his Maker, who has come into contact with the powers of the spirit world, theories are of little import. When we come face to face with these eternal verities we find after all that

we are not so very far apart. Brother Scotchmen, it is given to you and me to bear no small part in bringing home these truths to the hearts and consciences of men. Earnestness of soul and purity of life surely become us in view of such a mission. Surely if we but for a moment realized its magnitude—its dignity—it would humble us in the dust at the foot of the cross, and at the same time fill us with the strength of giants to do our Master's will.

We have a mission to all men, but especially to our own countrymen, and organizations like ours help us in performing it. Scotchmen are not usually the professional beggars, yet there are those who come to us for help, and deserve it from us too. Let it be ours to minister to the present life. That is all the life so many know anything about, and by it they measure any life that may be to come. It is a poor recommendation of our religion to offer to the unfortunate the Bread of Life while we withhold from them the loaf for which they hunger. The ministries for which the Master promises reward are all ministries to the present life. The best service we can render our countrymen is to help them to help themselves. Let us inspire them with hope and fill them with the courage that comes from the assurance of sympathy **strong and true**.

It is only natural that our own kith and kin should come **nearest to** us and occupy the largest place in our thought and care. It cannot **well be** otherwise. So it is that when we find any of them dishonoring themselves by wrongdoing we intuitively feel the shame and share the sense of guilt. While walking along High street, Glasgow, one afternoon, I heard a drunken woman uttering foul words, with oaths and curses. I cannot tell you how it hurt. Had it been in a foreign accent likely I should hardly have noticed it. But the accent was the Lowland accent of my mother and of my home, and so it caused a thrust of pain inexpressible. Speaking of the city and its inhabitants with one of the citizens, some time afterwards, I told him of the circumstances and how it affected me. He said: "Oh, she was Irish, I'll warrant you she was Irish, man, the city is full of them." Well, I don't know whether or not that was the true explanation, but I confess I half wished it was.

But while our countrymen come nearest to us, let us look out on a wider field, the family of man. Having received by revelation the truth of the Fatherhood of God, let us receive and act upon its natural counterpart, the Brotherhood of man; and so we have opportunity, do good unto all men by becoming servants of all. Thus, and thus only, will the

bulwarks of our country be made strong. Political economists have their place and work, and many of their theories and plans are worthy of respect, but you cannot make men moral by legislation. However excellent the legislation, in order that it be really effective, there must be behind it a healthy moral—aye, a religious—sentiment. Indeed, I know nothing of true morals apart from religion. How can a man claim to be moral while he is constantly wronging the One to whom he is under the greatest obligations? Hence, while such legislation should be sought as will tend to equalize the burdens of life and distribute its blessings, so that all may share them, the true solution of the questions arising out of Labor and Capital will only be found when

“Man to man the world o’er,
Should brothers be, and a’ that.”

That time is coming. It is no empty dream. There is a glorious future for our country, for our race. We are on the upward grade. Through struggle and tempest we are reaching higher ground. If at times we seem to be losing, it is only seeming. We are in the army of progress; our march is onward and upward. The Conqueror of Bozrah is our leader. Let us keep Him in view, study more His character, that we may catch something of His enthusiasm for men. He knew what was in men—how much bad He must have seen—and yet what hope He must have had of them when He thought them worth dying for! Let us have the same hope, and let us live, aye, die, if need be, for men. We are as a race called cold, even stolid; but they who speak thus know little of the Scottish character. That temperament is not of the sky-rocket order. It is rather like the resistless onrush of the sea waves, as has been shown in many a frightful contest, both by sea and land. Frenchmen, Russian and Sepoy alike have been shattered by the blow. It was at the storming of a city in the Spanish Peninsula. Once, twice, thrice had the storming party, the Highland brigade, been repulsed. One poor fellow, a piper, reached the top of the wall only to have both legs cut off with one shot. He sat him down on the wall, and, with the bleeding stumps turned towards his comrades, played loud and clear, “The Campbells are coming.” The sight, the old, familiar strains of home-land, stirred them as nothing else could. Nothing could withstand their onrush. With a yell, they rushed up the ladders, leaped over the walls, and the enemy was driven before them like chaff before the wind. Oh, yes, we have enthusiasm, plenty of it; but let it be in saving, rather than destroying men. There is need for it. The conflict between good and evil wages apace. The Master calls for men. Surely He shall not call to us in vain. Let us yield our hearts to Him, our lives to His service. Following Him we cannot fail. Thus shall we best serve our country in our day and generation, and, as citizens of that “better country,” come to that inheritance above, for which we are now by grace being prepared.

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